

# THE COMPLAINT OF TIME (15)

Against the tumultuous and Re-  
bellious Scots.

Sharpely inveighing against them (as most justly they  
deserve) this yeare, 1639.

By W. S.



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# The Grounds and Reasons of *Times* Complaint against the Rebellious *Scots*.

**T**His Land (God be thanked) is blest in the happy Government of a most gracious King, against whom in despite of Mercy divers affronts have lately beene offered by the Rebellious *Scots*, who under pretence of Religion would overthrow the Hierarchy of the Church, pulling downe the house of God, and building Babels of their owne invention, and man'd with this furious zeale, they have raised great forces, and stand ready armed in the Field to resist the head of the Church in his Dominions our most gracious King *CHARLES*; *Time* therefore hearing how these bold Attempts under the Title of Covenanters had acted many outrages, entréncht vpon the Kings Sovereigne power, and have hitherto neglected and slighted his Royall authority; therefore in this complaint of *Time* some reasons are laid downe. For the Chronicles of this Land doe witnesse that Rebels have beene alwayes overthrowne in their designes, and at last met with a deserved Death. Thus *Mortimer* who rebelled against King *Edward* the second, and violently tooke away his Queene, was afterwards himselfe taken and beheaded. Also those rude mechanicke Rebels that were led under the conduct of *Watt Tyler*, *Tom Miller*, and *Iack Strawe* made a great tumultuous uproare in *Kent* and *Essex*, untill Sir *William Walworth* then Lord Mayor of *London* did with his Dagger stabbe *Iacke straw* in *Smith-field*, whereupon the Dagger was set in the Armes of *London*. The rebellion for *Perkin Warbek* was soone disanimated, and the Imposture discovered, and so likewise *Iacke Cade* and his associates were soone confounded and overthrowne, and punished according to their Deserts. And thus Rebellion is like that *Ignis fatuus* or that phantastick apparition of fire, which running under hedges doth affright Country-people, but having blazed a while, it is soone dissipated and extinguished. The *Scots* therefore cannot promise to themselves any better fortune than their rebellious Predecessours, who were soone scatter'd and confounded, and their leaders received condigne punishment. If therefore any precise Humorist that accounts himselfe a transcendant Protestant, and a *Goliath* in Religion, when indeed he is an Hypocriticall Paritane, if any such doe thinke the complaint of *Time* against the *Scots* is too Satyricall, I would have him know, that the Rebellion of the *Scots* as it is haynous in its owne nature, and deserves a sharpe vindication and revenge, so it also hath cast an aspersiō vpon *Time*, for both the City and Country doe find fault, that it is a very hard, dangerous and doubtfull *Time*. And some in regard of this unnaturall Rebellion say, *Time* declines and growes worse, and that many discentions, Divisions and Rebellions shall happen in the old Age of *Time*, unto all which accusations *Time* doth make answere with one old ancient Verse.

*Conscia mens recti fame mendacia ridet.*

The Conscience that is cleere from spot or stayne,  
Laughs at the false reports of flying Fame.  
Time did not cause the *Scots* rebellious factions,  
Which breaking forth in *Time*, *Time* blames their Actions.

THE



# THE COMPLAINT OF

*Time* against the tumultuous  
and rebellious SCOTS.

*Anna Dom. 1639.*



Ge now hath silver'd ore the haire of *Time*,  
And as I am growne old, so I decline  
In native goodnes, else what frantick moode  
Could make the *Scots* so prodigall of their  
blood

To staine their honour by the Imputation  
Of tempting their King to high Indignation  
By being Sonnes of tumult and of thunder?  
Time grieves for them, and shooke with holy wonder  
Admires what Genius leades them on to be  
Revolters against sacred Majestie,  
Why they had best attempt if they thinke good  
To prove themselves of the Gygantick brood  
*Pelion* on *Ossa* hurling up againe,  
So to invade the high *Olimpian* name  
Of *love*; for whether went their boldnesse presse:  
Vnlesse the just Revenger send redresse.  
Time needs not heere from his owne height descend  
As to make answer to what they pretend  
In frivolous objections, for what pretence  
Can heaven allow them for their bold offence?



### *The Complaint of Time*

What have they made such a strange Scrutiny  
That none but they have found Divinity?  
Or have they fanci'd to themselves abstractions  
Of Angels zeale set forth in divelish actions?  
Will they allow unto the King of Heaven  
No Ceremonies which are duly given  
Unto his Majesty, but will bluntly fall  
Without Ceremony to rebellion all,  
Must they needs teare the Miter from the head  
Of Bishops; what Antipathy is bred  
Within that Land which doth on *England* border  
That they should seeke equality of disorder?  
Which alwayes tends to ruine, Nature makes  
In all her workes a resemblance of Estates,  
The peacefull Bees have Kings, the Wasps have none,  
They onely buzze, and sting, and so are gone;  
Most perfect Creatures have the truest sence  
Of Soveraignty and true obedience;  
The Hierarchy of Angels still doe cry  
All prayse and honour be to God on high  
Whom they obey; and government on Earth  
From Heaven had originall and birth.  
And would the *Scots* thinke by their furious rage  
To turne the world into a golden Age  
As in the Infancy of *Time*? Yet then  
*Saturne* did raigne, and was obey'd by men,  
Then *Jupiter* the ancient world sway'd  
Whose Soveraignty was generally obey'd;  
And *Time* that measures out the workes of nature  
From the first being of a formed Creature  
To thee not being, was at first created  
By the King of Heaven, and my power is dated  
And



## *Against the Rebellious Scots?*

And whatsoever is his great Decree  
I must therein obey his Majesty.  
But since the Giants warres I was not tooke  
With greater feare, nor with more horroure strooke  
Then when lowd Fame did bring unto my Eares  
The Scots attempt, I drown'd my cheekes with teares  
And wisht that I my Parent might resigne  
Before the world should say that aged Time  
Hid thus produc'd by the seeds of dissention  
An armed brood of men sprung from contention  
That in despite of mercy will proceed  
To court their ruine, and desire to bleed.  
Is there a Plurisie, and an excesse  
In Spirituall matters that must find redresse  
By such a cruell falve? or doth the Sword  
More mercy then is vsuall now afford?  
And not cut off ill members, will it spare  
Those who in deepe affronts engaged are  
Against their Sovereaine? who did wooe them long  
By mercy which was powerfull and strong  
To conquer good minds, but when his Grace found  
That Balme of mercy could not cure the wound,  
Then our dread Sovereaine mindfull of his cause,  
Went downe against those that did flight his lawes  
Arm'd with his Iustice full of powerfull dread  
For Kings have Iron hands, though feete of Lead.  
Now heaven protect him, Time on aged knees  
Prayes that these waspes which scorne the obedient Bees  
Though they are gathered into mighty swarmes  
Yet may bee all compell'd by force of Arms  
To yeeld their stubborne neckes, let Angels drive  
These waspes away out of the Churches Hiye.

*The Complaint of Time &c.*

Who bring no honey, but have often stung  
 Their Mother with contentions from them sprung.  
 Time hath spoke liberally, but now hee'le stay  
 No correct himselfe, for some perhaps will say  
 That the *Scots* beare an earnest great affection  
 Vnto my Daughter Truth, by whose direction  
 In her defence this furious course they take  
 For Love of Truth through danger way doth make,  
 But they doe erre herein, for my deere childe  
 And Daughter Truth's by nature soft and milde.  
 CHRIST was all Truth, yet when hee came to wooe  
 The world to Goodnesse, and the way to shew  
 Vnto all Truth the holy Angels then  
 Sang Peace on Earth, and Goodwill unto men.  
 Can therefore tumult, and the thundring Drum  
 Speake in a language that may well become  
 The wooers of faire Truth? Or else transported  
 Doe they imagine Truth can thus bee courted?  
 Methinkes I see the Angels hide their faces  
 Vnd blush in angry zeale, for their disgraces  
 No thinke the *Scots* should thinke faire Truth to winne  
 From her most just Defendor, and her King.  
 Me thinkes I see sad Truth kneele downe and speake  
 Her wrongs against them who her Lawes doe breake,  
 Shee pleads for Mercy and doth plead againe  
 And with her Oratory doth enflame  
 The Kings most Royall brest, then having got  
 His Gracious favour, shee tels him the *Scot*  
 With many shewes of holinesse doth wooe her,  
 Pretends much inward zealous love unto her  
 But yet doth mocke her with a smooth pretence  
 Of Love to colour over his offence;

And



*Against the Rebellious Scots:*

And then shee wishes shee may never know  
Heaven if Truth did bid them thus to goe  
In huddle into Armes, for Truth sayes shee  
Loves and obeyes your Sacred Majestie;  
And all my Precepts say that Kings appeare  
Like Gods on Earth, and his vice-Regents heere;  
Then why should they the Truth and you abuse  
And fasten upon Truth a false excuse?  
No 'tis their Pollicie that doth extend  
To use my Name to a prodigious end,  
And with the veyle of Truth to hide and shrowd  
Their proud Ambition which walkes in a cloud  
And like a Pillar of fire guides them on  
Into a Wildernesse of Rebellion.  
Thus would my Daughter Truth make her complaint  
'Gainst the tumultuous Scots that doe so vant  
In crying up her name, when heaven knowes  
That Truth was never rooke with feyned shoves.  
Bee dumbe night-Ravens then, and doe not croake  
To piece up the alleageance you have broke  
With faire pretences, for old Time doth know  
You have entrencht on Sovereignty, and doe grow  
Gyants in your opinion, being so given  
To furious zeale that you would invade Heaven,  
Pluck *Jupiter* out of his Seate, and all  
Of you would then be Gods in generall.  
And yet they are but shadowes you pretend  
While in substantiall matters you offend  
By fallacie joyning God and King together,  
And yet will shew obedience unto neither;  
There you devide the cause by your affection  
And distinguish of a limited subjection.

Even

*The Complaint of Time &c.*

Even Nature doth instruct that you should be  
 Subject unto the power of Majestie,  
 And all the workes of nature seeme to speake  
 Hee is a Rebelle doth alleagiance breake.  
 Then trust not to your selves, though you are strong;  
 For Heaven will vindicate all Rebellion,  
 And Truth doth say of old, No warres can bee  
 Happie attempted against Soveraigntie.  
 How dare you still persist; Time bids pull downe  
 Your baffling Flags, and on your knees fall downe,  
 And for your Colours let your blushing cheek  
 Display them, while you doe for mercy seeke;  
 If not, then Time doth bid you know bold Scots,  
 Your Vrne is turn'd, and Fate hath shooke your lots;  
 You have betray'd your selves, up *English* then  
 And shew your courage against those contemne  
 Heaven in their King, O let not his great cause  
 Suffer while they challenge his power and Lawes.

FINIS.